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The Cinderella of Twilight.
THE Cinderella of Washington—Southwest residents sometimes consider their neighbor—about to find the magic slipper, according to officials of citizens' associations down by the river.

Poor Cinderella. She is of noble lineage. Great names link themselves with her in the pages of American history. And she is beautiful. Those who know her best say there is no loveliness in these parts to compare with hers. But she has been the scullery maid for the District, cursed and kicked about, for some time. But the prince, the magic slipper and all are just around the corner.

People of southwest Washington are a militant, patriotic body of men and women. They love poor Cinderella and they have been paying the prince all over the city from the District Building to the office of the parks commission. They are disgusted at the perpetual recurrence of "Four-and-a-half street" jokes. The District's famous Bowery, they claim, isn't much of a Bowery after all. Lots of progressive business men and decent citizens live thereabouts. It is a safer place for the wayfarer at 2 a. m. of a starless morning than some of the most princely corners of the Northwest, where the people hold their noses when it is mentioned, it is claimed. And Four-and-a-half street, after all, is only a small part of the Southwest.

The South Washington Citizens' Association is getting promises, at least, of improvements which its members have labored so long to obtain. The residents are proud of the success of their efforts. They are assured that Seventh street, for instance, will be paved this spring. The condition of this thoroughfare long has been one of the sore spots of the District. They are convinced that a more adequate lighting system will be had soon. A number of other Southwest streets are on the resurfacing program of the Commissioners. Several of the larger business firms along Seventh and other streets have announced that they will make alterations and construct additions, in consideration of the proposed public improvements. The new fish market, the proposed bulkhead wall, the new harbor police precinct, the Capital Yacht Club building, and the condemnation of several unsightly structures, the citizens claim, will make Washington's waterfront something that residents can point to with pride.

Yes—Cinderella is about to stumble upon the other slipper. But it is not upon proposed improvements that Southwest people base the chief claims of their section for recognition. It is upon Cinderella's natural beauty—recognizable even when her face is unwashed and her lovely locks all tangled and her ragged dress black with the smudge from pots and pans in the scullery.

You can't get the average Southwest citizen uptown at sunset. For he will tell you that twilight over the wharves and the river is more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. If a German from the Rhineland, where the sun in Maytime sinks in a purple haze over miles of ruined castles and blooming orchards, should dispute the statement the man from the Southwest would knock him down. If a Swiss hotel proprietor started to talk about the gray evening that falls over the white Alps our friend from the river side would black both his eyes. And if an Englishman started to boast about the island of roses in June time he would be lucky to get away with his bones unbroken. For the man from southwest Washington is touchy on that point. He knows what he's got and he's proud of it.

From the chamber windows of Southwest homes at twilight there is a scene of magic melting away into saffron clouds over the graves on blue Virginia hillsides—a scene that makes one wonder at the power of nature and the insignificance of man. The black masts of ships along the river break against the gray outline of sky. The Washington Monument looms up and the white portico of the amphitheater at Arlington stands like a pearl in a shell of blue and crimson. All sense of the material is lost in the rapture of dreaming. The men and women of the Southwest live in houses the kitchen doors of which open upon long blue vistas of Fairland.

What a place, they say, for a colony of poets and artists. What a treasure house of romance—of the historical, the supernatural, the sublime and the pathetic.

But the District Cinderella sits in her kitchen and waits—her lovely eyes more beautiful, perhaps, for the tears she shed at times. Fortunate Cinderella. The prince comes a-riding down to the river. His wonderful bride is there.

Try the Golden Rule in Traffic.

APPLICATION of the golden rule in traffic, as everywhere else in life, would work miracles. If both motorists and pedestrians would act upon this principle statutes could be reduced to a minimum and accidents would be unknown. Of course, this condition of blissful anarchy never can be attained. So long as some men walk and others ride in automobiles, which will be until the day of judgment, individuals in both classes will take every mean advantage of each other possible. That is human nature. It displays itself to no better advantage in traffic than in war, love, religion or politics.

But there can be, we are convinced, a much

wider application of common courtesy than obtains at present. A great many District people would drive and walk according to the golden rule if they received any encouragement. The trouble has been that they have met discouragement on every hand. Too few have shown any desire to reciprocate. Why not start next week with a clean slate? Why not forget all the irritations of the past, all the rudeness and all the insults? Why not take it for granted that everybody means to act fairly? In other words, why not give one more fair trial to this principle: "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you."

There will be a few, of course, who will pay no attention to efforts towards courtesy. There will be a few who will continue to crowd everybody else against the curb, to let pedestrians take care of themselves, etc. But why let such ignorant yokels ruin the campaign? Count ten and forget about them.

It will be better to have fewer laws than more laws. Most of us hate laws, anyway. We don't even consider them very effective. Folks obey them only when the policeman is standing by. It would be better that every man should be a law unto himself—if the individual would only set standards of common decency.

Forget traffic rules for a day or so and act strictly according to your own conscience. You will impose upon yourself far stronger restrictions than any uniformed official would impose. This may not be a remedy for the present situation—but we are confident that it will help toward a cure. The average automobile driver is a rather decent fellow—at least when he stops to think it over. He doesn't want to kill anybody—not even if he has a clear case in his own defense. He doesn't want to break anybody's legs. He doesn't want to interfere in the least with the happiness of his fellow citizens.

But he is careless and thoughtless sometimes—and the fires of hell are fed on tons and tons of carelessness and thoughtlessness. Let's try the other way for a little while.

Progress in Auto World.

THE automobiles of tomorrow probably will bear little resemblance to the automobiles of today. The magnificent cars now on exhibition at the closed car salon at Convention Hall are steps in the evolution of transportation and represent tremendous advances over the machines of five years ago. But, substantial, speedy and artistic as they are, they merely are pebbles on the beach when the possibilities of the future—say fifteen years from now—are considered.

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical wizard, announces plans for an electrical car which will weigh less than a ton, run about forty miles an hour and require charging only every 200 miles. Probably the cost of operating one of these will be about 1 cent a mile—a cheaper rate than ever has been attained to date.

Perhaps other inventors in the United States have plans under way for the construction of still more miraculous machines. Dr. Steinmetz by no means has a monopoly on the ingenuity of America. Tire troubles and engine troubles will be eliminated completely. The tourist of ten years from now will look back upon the auto driver of today, who occasionally must stop to change tires, as the average citizen with a bath tub in his house looks back upon the man of twenty-five years ago who never had heard of such a contrivance.

Most of the advances scored by the automobile industry have been in the line of gasoline cars. The era of the electric car still lies ahead. But in the day when automobiles will become the common property of everyone the attention of electricians will be required because the strain will be too great upon the gasoline resources of the world. Then Dr. Steinmetz and his fellows will come into their own. Electricity will be much cheaper than gasoline. Poorer people can afford to make abundant use of their machines.

The automobile has become such a common necessity that no steps can be disregarded in bringing it to perfection.

The progress each year is astonishing. Convention Hall this week has been transformed into a fairland of accomplished miracles. A visit is more calculated to excite wonder than a visit to the magic chambers of Merlin. There is a tremendous difference between the automobiles of this year and the automobiles of last year. Not only are the models more perfect but the prices are lower.

But the man who delays purchasing an automobile now because he thinks they will be better and cheaper two years from now is as foolish as the man who does not live in a house now because he thinks houses will be built better in the future. He is the sort of man who would delay being born because the millennium is coming. He is the sort of man who would lie asleep all winter long because spring is coming.

Every Man to His Trade.

THE downfall of Carpentier, according to ring-side witnesses, resulted because he tried to mix acting and fighting. The negro, Siki, was as nervous when he entered the ring as a gentleman in a drug store buying a powder puff for the women folks. The French champion could have knocked him out with a tap on the chin. That is what Carpentier would have done two years ago. But he had learned lately to box in front of the camera—which is the direct antithesis of boxing with a prize fighter. Consequently the man who was fighter enough to stand for three rounds before Jack Dempsey was beaten to a pulp by a second rate "pork-and-beaner"—which is all Siki ever was and all he probably ever will be.

There is a sermon in the career of Carpentier which many others besides prize fighters can take to heart. Heavy hitters in every line of business are knocked out every day because they give up fighting and start to act. The stage and the screen do not mix well with the serious "scrapping" of life. Some men and women are born with talent as actors. Not often do they have any other talent. That is enough for one lifetime. The actor seldom could dig a hole in the ground with any degree of success. He knows it and doesn't try. But the man who can swing a pick and shovel successfully has an unexplainable tendency to regard himself as fit for the footlights. That was the trouble with Carpentier. The Frenchman never will make a good screen star.

He made the same mistake that many silly little girls make in the United States. They think they can make themselves actresses—when as, a matter of fact they are cast in a superior role—that of sweethearts and mothers. Mr. Carpentier may be able to get out of the acting frame of mind sooner or later—but it is doubtful whether he ever, as is good a fighter again. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—which most people competent for real fighting do when they seek the footlights.

New York City Day by Day
By O. O. McIntyre.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—In East Fifty-fourth street is an ornate shop that bears the gilded sign "Lady Nic." It is a shop for women, run by women and patronized exclusively by women. The founders sinned the average female hesitancy at entering tobacco shops for men.

The shop is much like a boudoir, with comfortable chairs, gay cratons and soft lights. A "hostess" is in charge to help with cigarette selections and to serve tea, if desired. The founders are friends who have left their trail of cigarette stubs all over America and Europe.

Yet they always felt the habit was only a gradually recognized. Out of this sympathetic kinship for sister smokers the idea was conceived and the shop is doing a prosperous business—the only place of its kind in the United States.

It is not a haunt for the chorus girl of flighty flapper. The patronage comes from the fashionable East Side section—matrons, dowagers and debutantes. The tobacco trade is discouraged. A jaunty, capped page boy who opens the door is the only touch of masculinity.

To the old fashioned, the progress of the woman smoker may come as a shock but to New Yorkers it seems to add a fresh zest to life. There are now cigarette parlors to match the latest gown or mood at "Lady Nic."

There are variously colored tips to blend with dinner frocks. The cigarette for negligee, business of day and take-a-tote. The daughter of one of America's richest society men gave her bridesmaids recently, in lieu of the usual jeweled trinkets, the expensively monogrammed cigarettes that were tipped to match the occasion.

The cigarette craze wins many adherents from those who wish to be thin and thus eschew candy for cigarettes. In New York it is quite usual for women to smoke as men, yet at recent gatherings, in which I was among the humble on-lookers, I could not fail to notice that the most sought after girl guests were those who did not smoke or quaff the intoxicating cocktail.

The blizkest electrical advertising campaign Broadway has ever seen is being waged in behalf of Marion Davies, the motion picture star. In front of the theater where her picture is showing her name is spelled out in letters seven feet high in an electric sign that completely covers the front of the building. The letters are the largest for the street in the history of the street and the sign is said to have cost \$15,000.

Or course the crowds at the pier wonder. There was something pathetic to me about the meek little man with a straggling mustache who stood awaiting a liner with a huge banner held aloft reading: "Welcome Home, Allee. Here is Papa."

A laundry collector in Harlem reveals in a lawsuit that he averages \$300 a week in commissions, but he says his expenses are quite heavy. It seems that he has entertained many of the customers who favor him with their laundry.

Speaking of odd acquaintances, I met a man the other day who gives dashing names to men's hats—such as "The Piccadilly," "The West End" and "The Nobility." He tells me that much of the popularity of the hat depends upon the name. He has spent a month puzzling over the name of a hat and sometimes it comes to him like a flash. He is under a five-year contract with the firm that employs him, and now and then he goes to the city to study the hat-naming possibilities. However, I still hand the cut glass wash-rag to the artistic soul who names the Pullman cars.

William Johnston, one of the editors of the World, tips the scales at 250 pounds, and he likes being fat so well that he has written a book called "The Fun of Being a Fat Man." Johnston has the distinction of knowing more prominent men than any other New Yorker. He is also, so far as my acquaintance runs, the only man in the city who smokes the rattail stogie. It is needless to say that he was born near Pittsburgh and acquired the habit early.

Every forty-five seconds a watch is pawned in greater Manhattan, according to figures compiled by pawnshop keepers. The watches are pawned in the Times Square district. Down on the Bowery, where most of the pawnshops are located, they haven't watches to pawn, but they do pawn gold teeth, glass eyes and wooden legs. The old Bowery settler pawns his peg leg every morning before going out begging and retrieves it in the evening.

A gob and his current fiancée were walking down Broadway hand in hand. They passed a blind man standing near a subway kiosk. The gob fumbled in his pocket for change and his face took on a worriedly pale expression. He was overcoat over the arm that held the tin cup and walked on.

ARMY AND NAVY ASSIGNMENTS

ARMY.
First Lieut. Robert S. Worthington, to Fairfield, Ohio; Capt. Clayton H. Reynolds, to Boiling Field, Washington, D. C.

NAVY.
Maj. Walter Fraser, to Columbus, Ohio; Lieut. Col. William P. Hill, to Chicago, Ill.; First Lieut. Little, to Chicago, Ill.; First Lieut. Philip H. Riedel, to Fort Bliss, Tex.

Quartermaster.
Capt. Ira J. Wharton, to St. Louis, Mo.

Medical.
Second Lieut. Willard M. Barton, to Washington, D. C.

NAVY.
Lieut. Harold A. Elliot, to Dayton, Ohio; Lieut. Loyd G. Scheck, to U. S. S. 19; Lieut. Edwin T. Short, to U. S. S. Curlew; Lieut. John D. W. Walker, to receiving ship, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ens. Francis W. Beard, to U. S. A. S-10; Ens. Royal A. Houghton, to U. S. S. S-5; Ens. Terence W. Greene, to U. S. S. Vega; Ens. Donald E. McClary, to San Diego, Cal.; Ens. Charles O'Donnell, to receiving ship, New York; Lieut. Arthur W. Babcock, to Washington, D. C.; Lieut. Robert R. Haiseld, to Washington, D. C.; Ens. Nicholas J. Halpine, to Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

REVIEWS OF THE LATEST BOOKS

KAISER FAILURE IN "SIMPLE" ROLE

By AN EX-BUCK.

The Kaiser's Memoirs, by William Hohenzollern (Harper Brothers). If I were a king in Europe I would play a good American press agent (\$100.00) to prove that I was crazy. If on the other hand, I could convince the world public that I was a scoundrel I would make him a prince of the realm, present him with a suit of alien pajamas decorated with green butterflies, and pin upon him the order of the speckled rattlesnake, first class. Moreover, I would try to persuade him to accept the hand of my eldest daughter in marriage so that he might become heir-apparent to the throne. I might even give him the key to the palace wine cellar.

His accomplishments, to my way of thinking, would be well worth the price. The average king is a simpleton. He is considered feeble-minded by the proletariat. A feeble-minded simpleton is the direct antithesis of a crazy scoundrel. The former has no brains. If he tried to murder his mother-in-law he wouldn't know whether to stab her in the heart or in the thigh. If he tried to rob the state treasury the first policeman who passed would catch him red-handed in the act. The latter has brains. They may be disordered—but they are in his cranium just the same.

It is difficult for me to imagine a man who wouldn't prefer the credit of having upset brains to the reputation of having no brains at all. But we have found such a person—Mr. Wilhelm Hohenzollern, ex-Kaiser of Germany. He has written his memoirs apparently with the single purpose of proving that he wasn't a crazy scoundrel after all, but just a king—consequently a simpleton.

I always had admired Wilhelm secretly. It may be as well to confess this now that I have changed my opinion and become a good American again. I had given him credit for being a throw-back to a family of feeble-minded degenerates—a man of evil genius forced by accident of birth to spend his life among morons. Now I am told that he was only a trifle further advanced than the late Czar of Russia, the Sultan of the Ottomans, the Mikado of Japan. And so this is the man whose name I had revered as a little boy reverences the name of Jesse James.

I am loath to take Wilhelm's own word for it. I would like to prove that he was as innocent as a little white lamb of starting the late world war. That is true if, as he wishes us to believe, he was an ordinary crowned head. Any member of the king genealogy is expected to be a little more than a pillow fight in a home for epileptics. But I simply can't transform the war lord of my imagination into a doddling old fool. I don't think Wilhelm is as able a man as the average member of the House of Representatives or the average track foreman employed by the Capital Traction Company. But I do think he is a much smarter fellow than former King Constantine of Greece, for example.

Mr. Hohenzollern has made a bad mistake. In spite of a slight grudge which I bear against him, I am somewhat of a fan of the Kaiser. He has failed in his efforts to prove himself a fool. I will guarantee to convince the American people that he is an insane rascal or he can prove me a cent.

Wilhelm makes some bad slips in his book, at times. In spite of his evident desire, he can not conceal the fact that, despite the trappings of royalty which hampered him, he was a real fighting man. On the surface, the circumstances attendant upon his kicking that old-fashioned top sergeant, Bismarck, out of his way, are creditable indeed. There was a decidedly human touch in the story of his love for his fellow Germans. He had been reared in the belief that they were just pigs to be fattened for the slaughter. He never lost this idea—but he did pity them to the point of feeding them. He had clean studs to sleep in and plenty of appetizing bran mash and karmage to eat. In this he showed himself enormously in advance of any other ruler of his time. The Kaiser's book is a masterpiece of the surface. The circumstances attendant upon his kicking that old-fashioned top sergeant, Bismarck, out of his way, are creditable indeed. There was a decidedly human touch in the story of his love for his fellow Germans. He had been reared in the belief that they were just pigs to be fattened for the slaughter. He never lost this idea—but he did pity them to the point of feeding them. He had clean studs to sleep in and plenty of appetizing bran mash and karmage to eat. In this he showed himself enormously in advance of any other ruler of his time. The Kaiser's book is a masterpiece of the surface.

Good stories of local history are told, and the most exciting has to do with a fine lad, very helpful to all of the party, who had been rescued from a wreck in early infancy. The lad and his leader pick up clues which lead to a mystery in a most happy way. In mirth and satisfaction the camp breaks up for the summer and makes plans for merry parties to be had in the coming winter.

NEW BOOK ADDED TO GIRL FICTION

Dorothy Dainty's Treasure Chest by Amy Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard).

Again the well known Mademoiselle Dorothy Dainty blossoms forth in little girl fiction. This time Miss Dorothy has come up with the story of a wonderfully carved and inlaid little treasure handed down from a small grande dame of long ago. She decides that only things that she holds "very dear" shall find a place in it.

But just what these precious articles are is kept the deepest and darkest of mysteries. Dorothy goes off to the shore for the summer and the old story is told in a most happy way. Dorothy and her girl playmates, the treasure chest being, to all intents and purposes, forgotten. But presently summer is over and little Dorothy comes back home with Dorothy and find out, at last, just what manner of trophies have been once belonged to a princess.

Unions Call World Congress.

GENEVA, Oct. 27.—The International Trade Union Federation summoned a world peace congress to meet at Amsterdam on December 15 to discuss disarmament and the best method of calling a general European strike in event another war is threatened.

WALPOLE'S NOVEL IS RELENTLESS

"The Cathedral," by Hugh Walpole. (George H. Doran and Company, New York).

Hugh Walpole, in his new novel, is like the Old Testament, God-pitying, relentless. "The Cathedral" is undoubtedly the best book of the season. The author of the little English town of Polchester in the central place of the work, beautiful, menacing, jealous, sublime—all these.

It is the tale of a good man, spoiled with superabundance of things, and finding his God as an equal, and thrilling himself with the conceit of dominating the great cathedral. Insufferable qualities, all these. And the inevitable doom exacted by the cathedral of those who presume to share its glory; through the hands of the priest, the wife who elopes with a colorless clergyman, and the town, which turns against him under the clever hand of an unscrupulous churchman, certainly should not be the demonstration of the pride that goeth before a fall, the haughty spirit before destruction.

Walpole is no cheap moralist. His tale has for its Arch-Infidel, the central figure of his book. He has the sorrow of a father for his absurd child, and yet with inexorable justice the doom is meted. The archdeacon is a very real character. He can no more help his pride in his own making and success than a child his satisfaction in a new dress. And the townspeople can no more help hating the archdeacon's nearsightedness than the boarding school girls can help hating a popular and self-satisfied sophomore. The hate is as petty in its foundation, and as sad and regretful in its ultimate satisfaction.

"The Cathedral" is a book with qualities of permanence. It is not concerned with the sociological and economic problems that fret the modern novelist. It is about people. And it is that infinitely desirable. And in these objective days, rare for the writer to do more than the job of the writer.

The incidents are all of "those careening littlenesses of which there is so much of the woeful heart of things." Walpole has nothing to do with the terribly important happenings; the small daily things that assume the proportions of mountains in any small town are the stuff of his drama.

Each one of the characters is real. The statesman, the priest, the doctor, the workman, the peasant, and the color that is unsurpassed among his peers. Ryle, who feared people were saying things about him, Roder's round glasses, Ellen's hair, the small, dark, and Milton's tragically slight perversion of the truth, the colors in the windows of the cathedral—the circus—all are examples of the genius that knows the value of detail.

Only criticism that perhaps some of the characters are a little overdrawn, somewhat dramatic. But in life such things are sometimes. And Hugh Walpole says so, so it must be true.

BOYS WILL LIKE "TURNER TWINS"

"The Turner Twins," by Ralph Henry Bar. (Century).

This book was written to order for boys. It is checkfull of the kind of things they like—fun, excitement, mystery, jollities. It's touch-and-go from the first page to the last and the usual sort of boy will close the book with a sigh of satisfaction and enjoyment.

The Turner Twins are so much alike that their own mother can hardly tell them apart. So when they reach Hillman Prep School they found the stage all set for their adventures. Ned is hailed mistakenly as a colossal football star because the only colossal thing about him is his ignorance of the game. But his similarity to Brother Laurie saves him from disaster in the big game. As to whether it was Ned or Laurie that sped the pigskin between the goal posts on the big day, that is the question. But both of the Turner twins will kick a clean goal with juvenile readers.

GOOD BOOK WOVEN ABOUT GIRL CAMP

"Adele Doring in Camp," by Grace May North. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard).

This newest of the Adele Doring books for girls takes Adele and a half dozen of her closest girls to a camp on one of the beautiful islands of St. Lawrence. Here, under the wing of an efficient young lady chaperon, they spend the most delightful of summers in a world included in the party are seven brothers and boy friends, so that the camp is not altogether a "girly-girl" one.

Good stories of local history are told, and the most exciting has to do with a fine lad, very helpful to all of the party, who had been rescued from a wreck in early infancy. The lad and his leader pick up clues which lead to a mystery in a most happy way. In mirth and satisfaction the camp breaks up for the summer and makes plans for merry parties to be had in the coming winter.

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STORY FOR GIRLS LAID IN DUTCH DAYS

"The Flower of Fortuna," by E. B. Knipe and A. A. Knipe. (Century).

This quaintly charming story for girls is laid in the days when old New York was young—the Dutch-English period, shortly after the English came to the colony. While most of the characters are Dutch, a few of the English newcomers lend color to the picture. Judith, the heroine, is left by her father at an early age in absolute command of her own fortune. True little Dutch lady that she is, prettiness, courage and shrewdness go hand in hand and she works out her success triumphantly after a series of baffling discouragements.

Fascinating, indeed, to most girls will be the old-time Dutch atmosphere of blooming tulips and polished pewter that pervades the story. Mystery and romance are here, and the story is a most interesting one. A pretty love story, presently involves Judith and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

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ATTEMPTS TO PROVE PROHIBITION WRONG

"What Prohibition Has Done to America," by Fabian Franklin. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

Note that the title reads "to America—not 'for'." The prohibitionists have kept us pretty well supplied with propaganda telling us all about the really millennial changes that have been wrought by the adoption of their favorite nostrum as the national cure-all for the nation's ailments. In the above book the author endeavors to convince the reader that prohibition or rather the Eighteenth amendment to the Constitution, is a body blow to that instrument. Undoubtedly he brings some potent arguments to bear; but after all is said and done, the reader is left very much in the attitude of the average prohibitionist when driven into a corner by logic, which is, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Prohibition as a national institution is with us, imbedded in our fundamental law; to get it out of there will be no easy task, as the author points out clearly, even though the majority of the people want it out. That is one of the peculiarities of majority rule in our country. So fearful were the framers of the Constitution that even a majority of the people should not be able to become unreasonably arbitrary, that they endowed the minority with rights that permit them to check the majority almost indefinitely. The author sees on the assumption that the majority of the people do not want prohibition, or at least the drastic type with which we are now familiar.

"People feel in their hearts," he says, "that they do not want prohibition, but they do not want submitting to the full rigor of prohibition, of trying to procure a law which nullifies the Constitution, or of expressing their resentment against an outrage on the first principles of the Constitution by the wholesale disregard of the law." Rather an unhappy choice, though subsequently Mr. Franklin endeavors to show a third way out, which is, "Let the whole book be well worth reading by those who take their opinions from no one ready made. It contains much that is strongly debatable on both sides, and handles the subject matter with a degree of fairness that is rather unusual in discussions of such hotly contested questions as prohibition. Debaters of technical radio subjects, and debating societies should by all means possess the book regardless of the side they propose to sustain.

They tell us that Washington has a lower fare than some other cities. Granted this is true, does that make it right? Because Cincinnati or some other city allows its street car company to fleece its patrons, does that mean that Washington should do likewise? The Capital City of this great America should lead, not follow. The fact remains that a number of other cities are operating on a 5-cent fare. Also that a certain syndicate signifies its willingness to operate cars in Washington on a 5-cent fare and guarantee to do it for twenty years.

The Herald and the citizens' associations should receive the support of every thinking man in the District of Columbia concerning this matter. How about it, you sons of liberty? Wake up and let's hear from you.

TERENCE N. FIELDER.

RADIO ADDS THRILL TO JUNGLE ROMANCE

"The Radio Detectives in the Jungle," by A. Hyatt Verrill. (Appleton).

Radio has superseded all other contemporary boyish interests. Consequently, we behold the development of a boy's radio fiction literature of a highly adventuresome sort. "Radio Detectives in the Jungle" is the fourth volume of radio adventures from the pen of Mr. Verrill, hitherto a writer of authority on technical radio subjects. The jungles of British Guiana furnish background for a series of up-to-the-minute thrills. Radio, airplane and submarine are used in the development of a plot involving the capture of a band of criminals. Interesting descriptions of fishing, hunting and native life in British Guiana add to the educational value of the volume without impairing an iota of the rapidly exciting nature that means so much to readers of the Penrod age.

The Cathedral

By HUGH WALPOLE

A story of a good man spoiled by power; an unscrupulous man who covets authority; a wife and a son through whom one may strike at the good man; a daughter who is her father's staunchest ally—

These are the central figures of a story which reaches its height in a week of carnival, with its delirium of outdoor mood. A delightfully interesting novel.

Brentano's
F and 12th
\$2.00

The Herald's Open Court

Wants Park Bus Line.
To the Editor, The Washington Herald:
The public has been informed that Wreco has requested permission to operate a fifth bus line. This is commendable. They are at last awakening to the fact that service and revenue are inseparable. However, they have not as yet solved the problem of transportation to Potomac Park, nor will it be solved by displacing street cars with buses from Seventeenth and H streets to the park. There is absolutely no manner in which residents of Southeast, Anacostia, Southwest or North Washington who depend on Wreco service (?) can get to Potomac Park without going blocks out of their way, and transferring two times.

Now, to state the solution as I see it: Instead of increasing traffic at a place already overburdened with (Seventeenth and H), why not establish a bus line from Ninth and B streets northwest to Twenty-first and B streets, along B street, with free transfer privileges from Anacostia, Anacostia, and all southbound Ninth street cars at Ninth and B streets, and Bureau cars at Fourteenth and B streets. This would save at least twenty minutes for patrons, and avoid considerable transfer-junction confusion.

I might add that the new buses of the Wreco lines are considerable more comfortable than the old speed, top-heavy buses of the Washington Rapid Transit Line that dash madly through our streets.

Will you not use the good influence of your paper to present this suggestion before the proper authorities and the public? More power to you in your winning fight against the "one-arm" cars.